Numb. 102.

The British Apollo,

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From **Friday** January 28th. to **Wednesday** February 2d. 1708.

Q. *A Gentleman of my acquaintance was lately drinking a Bottle, and ſpeaking of a Certain Lady, curſt her in the Name of God; but added withal, yet ſhe is a dear Girl. I deſire to know, whether his pronouncing the Curſe is a Sin; and if it be, whether his following words, yet ſhe is a Dear Girl, do not Leſſen the Sin.*

A. His Pronounciation of the Curſe, tho' it were attended with no injurious deſign, yet as taken in the moſt Inoffenſive Senſe it is undoubtedly a Sin, in that it is a Dallying with Religion, a Playing with the moſt Important Matter, a ſporting with no leſs a Being than his Maker, a Tranſgreſſing the 3d Commandment, *a Taking the Name of God in Vain.* But as the Sin of Curſing is highly aggravated by the Propenſeneſs of the Malice, that too frequently attends it, ſo thoſe mollifying words, which the Gentleman annext to the Curſe he utter'd, Leſſen the Propenſeneſs of his Malice, and conſequently ſubtract, not from the Intrinſick ſinfulneſs of the Curſe, but from the Aggravating Circumſtances of it. Subtract, we ſay, from them, not totally remove them, ſince the Gentleman, notwithſtanding that ſoft Expreſſion, ſeems Chargeable with ſome degree of Malice towards even the very Object of his Love. For from ſo Odd a mixture This ſeems to be the Tenor of his then Preſent thoughts: *I ſo reſent ſome of her Proceedings, that I cannot forbear to Curſe her, and yet at the ſame time She's the Miſtreſs of my heart.* As therefore we cannot poſſibly acquit the Gentleman of Sin, ſo we are afraid (tho' He's the beſt Judge of his own thoughts, and therefore the only proper Perſon poſitively to determine That) that he muſt plead Guilty to ſome kind of Aggravation too. Well therefore were it for us, if we wou'd pay a ſtrict obedience to that Truly Chriſtian Law, to that Lovely, that Endearing Precept; a Precept worthy of that Son of God, who came on purpoſe to Bleſs the World; not to Curſe us, but to be made a Curſe for us; *Bleſs, and Curſe not.*

Q. *Gentlemen, Suppoſe it could be demonſtrated, that Liberty in Man was inconſiſtent with Preſcience in God, which were it more ſafe for me to deny.*

A. The Queſtion is of a Nice importance, ſince the Denial of either of the things propos'd Diveſts the Godhead of an Indiſputable Property, or an Eſſential Attribute. To ſay, that God does not Foreſee all Human Actions, tho' as yet in Future, is to Diſown our Maker, to aſſert either the Eternity of the World or the Fortuitous Concourſe of Jumbling Atoms, and impiouſly to Deny in Derogation to St. Paul, *that the Inviſible things of the Creation are clearly ſeen by the things, that are made.* For if God be our Creator, the Author of all the Faculties of our Souls, he muſt conſequently Foreknow the ſeveral Reſults, the various Iſſues, the moſt Contingent Determinations of thoſe Faculties, he himſelf is the Author of. To Deny a Liberty in Man, and yet ſuppoſe him not only a Puniſhable Creature, but Undoubtedly to be Puniſh'd, and that too with very great Severity, if he does amiſs, what is this but to Deny the Tenderneſs of our Father, the Goodneſs of our Maker, and Pronounce God no better than a Malicious Being, than an Omnipotent Evil, than Almighty Cruelty. But tho' the Denial of the Former makes God and Man perfect Strangers to one another, and gives us the Liberty to ſay with a Profligate Pharaoh, *who is the Lord?* yet the Denial of the Latter, if it ſeem to Allow God the Relation of a Creator, yet it Deſtroys the Sweetneſs, the Excellency of that Relation. And as to be *Evil* is a worſe Deficiency than not to *Be* at all, ſo to be an *Evil* Creator is Inferiour to a *No* Creator. Add to this, that Goodneſs is God's Darling Attribute, the Perfection he moſt of All Glories in. For when *Moſes* deſires a Proſpect of his Glory, this the anſwer he receives, *I will make my GOODNESS to paſs before thee.* By which remarkable reply he very clearly Intimates, that his Goodneſs and his Glory are Equivalent Expreſſions. And therefore we cannot put a greater Indignity upon God, than by ſaying in Contradiction to the Scriptures, that he is not *Merciful*, nor *Gracious*, nor *Abundant in Goodneſs.*

But tho' the Denial of the Firſt be the moſt Pernicious with regard to the Capacities of Men, who often very ſteadily Believe a God, and yet in Conſequence Deny him, while they entertain miſtaken Notions, and ignorantly aſſert ſome particular Opinions contrary to his Eſſence, yet if we canvaſs the matter in an Abſolute, in an Irreſtrictive Senſe, if we trace things to their firſt Principles, we ſhall find, that to Deny either of your two Propoſals is equally Pernicious. For as to ſay, that God made not the

World is much the same as to say, that *there is no God*, so, inasmuch as God is of an Indivisible nature, and all his Attributes make up but One, Simple Essence, to Deny any one of them, is to Deny them all, and consequently to Ungod him, to turn him out of Being. Let us therefore part with neither our own Liberty, nor God's Præscience, while Sensible, while Conscious of the Fatal Consequence.

Q. *Is it possible to Freeze and Snow together?*

A. As the two Phænomenons, which you question, whether they be Compatible, are Matter of Fact, and Obvious to Common Notice (of which your own Observation might lately have convinc'd you) so we know of no considerable Objection to it. If therefore you will be pleas'd to propose any, we shall endeavour to oblige you with a Solution.

Q. *I have lately smoak'd Tobacco, more out of a Frolick than any thing else. Whenever I smoak, it makes me spit a prodigious Quantity of an Aqueous Saliva, sometimes to the Quantity of 4 Ounces in the smoaking one Pipe. I am naturally lean, but, I thank God, I have my health very well. Now, Gentlemen, I beg the favour of you to inform me, whether it be wholesome for me to smoak, I shall either proceed or desist according to your ingenious advice.*

A. We advise you then to desist, since in such quantities of Spittle it is possible that some portion of the Nutritious Juices may be Evacuated, and your health thereby impaired.

Q. *What is Hail?*

A. Hail is the Thicker Clouds congeal'd in the Lower Regions, as Snow is the Thinner Vapors congeal'd in the Higher Regions of the Atmosphere.

Q. *Do the Laws of England allow a Man to beat his Wife?*

A. We have no Law that does allow any such thing.

Q. *I desire to know who brought Surgery up first, and how it came to be found out.*

A. The Art of Chirurgery was doubtless imparted to Mankind at his first formation by the All-wise Creator, and by the same Providential Means it was Communicated to others for the Necessary Assistance of the afflicted, according to *Jesus* the Son of *Syrach*, who saith, *Of the Lord cometh Healing*. Nor was the Knowledge hereof only Confin'd to Mankind, but even the Brutes were Endued with a Share, appears in the *Hippotamus*, or Sea-Horse, an Inhabitant of the River *Nile*, who upon his discovery of a Plethory or fulness of Blood, opens a Vein by rubbing his Thigh against the sharp Sands on the Back side: Nor is the Practice of the Goat less remarkable, who, upon the Diminution of his Sight by Films, Cataracts, &c. Strikes his Head against the Thorny Bushes, whereby the cause is removed and his Sight recovered.

But *Pliny* tells us, that *Podalirius*, and *Machaon*, the two Sons of *Æsculapius*, pursuing their Fathers Studies, were the first and chief Regulators of that Art, and were thence Accounted the Inventers thereof.

Q. *Pray, tell me, why one can see ones Breath in the Winter and not in the Summer.*

A. See *Apollo*, Numb. 69.

Gentlemen,

Since Matters jocose *with* Serious *You jumble,*
Pray answer this trifling Demand from your humble
J. S.

Q. *I am by Trade a Coffee man, a Punch-maker, a Barber, a Tooth-drawer, a Fidler, a Gimcrack-Collector, a Game-keeper, and, as you may perceive a* Grubstreet-*Dabler. Now, as there was once an Accumulative Traytor, so I fancy my self an Accumulative Vertuoso, and am inclin'd to Address Dr. S---n, in order to be admitted a Brother of that most Ingenious Society; but standing nicely upon Reputation, I should be damnably baulkt at a refusal.*

Therefore intreat your Learned Functo,
T' advise me as a Man of Functo;
No matter what Thought now prevails,
'Tis You, Gallants, must turn the Scales,
Whether your most Obedient So, So,
Be Coxcomb, *or a* Vertuoso.

Chelsea knacketory.

A. Since Matters *Serous*, will not always pass
With th' Grave, we divert 'em sometimes with (an *Ass*.

An Accumulative *Vertuoso*! Why you are an accumulative one, in the most Superior Superlative Degree. Never any dignity'd by that Title was Master of so many Acquisitions, to qualify himself for one. First, your Dealing in Contemplative *Coffee*, whose adust Property reduces the Body to a Philosophical Consistency. Then Speculative *Punch*, which after *fiat mixio*, leads you into the *Arcana* of Sympathies, and their wonderful Effects. By *Barbing* you bring Rude Matters into Form, and Obvious to Perspection. Your *Drawing Teeth* gives demonstration of that *Axiom*, That *Pain* which is *Great must be short*, by twitching them out. Your *Fidling* shews the Harmony of Science. A *Gimcrack Collector* is a Vertuoso's true Badge. Your *Game-keeping* instructs you in the Loco-motive Faculty; and a *Grubstreet-Dabler*, is often the Conclusion of the matter. Therefore upon the whole, if Dr. *S---n* refuses You, we shall suspect he is not vers'd in all these Qualifications himself.

The Learned Vertuoso's tell us,
(And They, you know, are subtil Fellows)
Extreams point at the same, by Turns;
Thus *Ice*, they say, in *Greenland* burns:
And thus a Modern *Vertuoso*,
And a Notorious *Coxcomb*, *So-so*,
May both be really the same,
And only differ in the *Name*.

Q. *Most Worthy Gentlemen, I desire you wou'd please to Explain in your next Paper, what is the Cause of an Ague, and whether it be not Witchcraft. For this is the third time that I have been afflicted with it this Winter, and why it comes at a constant hour as mine doth.*

A. See *British Apollo*, Numb. 18.

Q. *Gentlemen, I pray you do me the favour to tell me, what is the Sin against the Holy Ghost, for it's said, that all Sins may be forgiven, even Blasphemy it self; but the Sin against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven. And be pleas'd to Insert it in your next Paper, for it may be of great use to some Persons.*

A. See *Monthly Paper*, Numb. 2.

POEMS.

Q. TELL me, *Ye Worthy Sons of such a Sire*
Who was the Man that first He *did inspire,*
In Characters obscure to vent His mind,
And by Misterious Strokes did words define.
Who first did shackled words *in Verse controul,*
And with Harmonious numbers charm'd the Soul?
And lastly sing, Apollo's *Darling Son,*
Who has with most resplendent Glory shone.

A. From what Orig'nal *Metre* first arose,
None but the *Sacred Oracles* disclose.

For

For e'er the *Infancy of Time* begun,
Unmeaſur'd yet by the created Sun,
The *forms of Entities* from Chaos ſprang,
* And at their Births Cæleſtial Seraphs ſang
The *GREAT CREATORS* Artifice and Praiſe,
Perhaps in *Models* of Immortal *Layes*:
Whence ſtated Meaſures and proportion'd feet,
Firſt *Sacred Hymns* made regular and ſweet.
Then Ancient Patriarchs Harps and Organs form'd,
Which Devotees with Zeal, and Ardour warm'd.
Thus ſings the *Man of Uz in* loſty powers,
Th' Almighty Rod; yet ev'n that Rod Adores,
Amidſt Afflictions of *uncommon* weight,
Obdurate Patience ſilencing regret.
Nor can I leſs the Noble Strains admire,
Rais'd by the touch of the Jeſſean Lyre.
Whether His Layes enchant bewilder'd Kings,
Or to the King of Heav'n the Prophet Sings:
Whoſe *Son* with Supernatural Wiſdom fraught,
Ballad of Ballads t' Inſpiration taught:
Tho' with a *SEEMING* Wantonneſs of Style,
Enough to make an Am'rous Reader ſmile;
And e'en Old Age to cloſe endearments move,
With a Vivacious Energy of Love.
So ſoft his Spouſe's Breaſts, Her Eyes ſo bright,
Her Cheeks ſo fair, Her downy Neck ſo White,
Her Lips ſo ſweet, with ſuch a Graceful Air,
Wave the Curl'd Ringlets of her Golden Hair.
Hence Heathen Poets to abuſe Mankind,
A ſort of A *Collegiate Fam'ly* feign'd.
Where a *Wing'd Horſe*, ſpringing's Aerial flight,
Spurn'd up a Fountain on *Parnaſſus*'s height.
Then a young God o'er Nine Fair Lady's plac'd,
(Who a too Wanton Regency Embrac'd)
Call'd God of *Muſic*, *Poetry* and *Love*,
The ſtrongeſt Charms that can our Paſſions move;
Who learn'd theſe Nymphs to ſing Poetick Songs,
And to His Harp conform their Warbling Tongues.
Hence other Poets t' imitation taught,
Of Fair *Euridice* and *Chryſeis* wrote;
And of th' *Orpheian Lyre* vaſt Wonders tell,
How it ſtruck dumb whole Colonies of Hell.
How rapid Rivers that had long Obey'd,
Progreſſive Motions of their Fountains head,
Queſtion'd that power, which drove the Current on,
And would ſtand ſtill to liſten to his Song.
How He made Brutes of Stones, and Stones of Brutes,
At leaſt Both ſeem'd *reciprocally* mute;
For whilſt He play'd, the Brutes like Stones appear'd,
And Stones, b' Exchange of Ears, attentive heard.
This was *Apollo's firſt and Eldeſt Son*,
Who *ſhackled words* in tuneful Meaſures ſung.
Then *Grecian Generals* ſwoln with Popular Fame,
Ow'd to Blind *Homer* an Immortal Name.
Which elſe had been induſtriouſly forgot,
As deſtin'd with their Carcaſſes to rot.

Next theſe the *Mantuan Bards*, and *Venuſine*,
Demonſtrate their Originals Divine,
Since they not only *uncorrupt* ſurvive,
But Immortality to *others* give.
Waller's by them Judiciouſly Polite,
Tho' *Cowley* ſeems an *Aboriginal* Wit.
And thoughtful *Dryden* by laborious Toil,
Learn'd Sweets to *breed*, or *glean* from foreign Soil.
Whilſt ſublime *Milton* on Aerial Wings,
Fluttering ſuſpence, Melodious Numbers ſings.
Beſides ſome Poets of the preſent age,
Whoſe charming Muſes *Stoics* wou'd engage,
Bards of *Sound Wit*, and *Solid Senſe* approv'd,
Who, when Extinct, will be admir'd and Lov'd.
Therefore, kind Sir, your Inquiſition ſpare,
Apollo has his Darling every where.
All Nations under *Him* ſome Favourites praiſe,
To whom They give *deſervedly the* Bays:
Some for one end, ſome on another ſcore,
Apt as the Character each Writer bore.

Q. *Pray tell us, why Horns,*
(Like-ſubſtance with Corns)
Upon the Head only ſhou'd grow;
Why that part ſhou'd nouriſh,
And make them to flouriſh,
When th' others are always below.

A. Their Growth is from thence,
Becauſe for *Defence*;
But in *Man* ſtill more Reaſon they gain,
And that is, becauſe
(Beſides Nature's Laws)
They ſpring from a *Thought in the Brain.*

Q. Apollo, *tell me, ſince you are Divine,*
Whether or no in Heaven I ſhall ſhine.
Reſolve me this, and then I'd quickly know
By your Next Anſwer, if you're ſo or no.

Pe. Ha.

A. If in your Life, no Vertue Brighter ſhines,
Than the *Dim-Fancy* in your *Clouded Lines*;
There's little, very little Hopes alas!
To thoſe *Illuſtrious Realms* you'l ever paſs.

Q. Apollo, *lay down this Your trading in Verſe,*
For by that the moſt Wiſdom You'll ſhew,
And ſuch paultry Queſtions no longer rehearſe,
With Your Anſwers as Inſolent too.

For Your Papers degrade the bright Name they aſſume
By their mean and impertinent Strain,
And Your Notions are perch'd on the Tow'ring Plume,
Where a Sprightlier Genius ſhould Reign.

From Indiff'rent at firſt, They dwindl'd to Dull,
And now to Inſipid are grown,
They exactly delineate the depth of Your Skull,
Therefore deem'd as the Drug of the Town.

And

* *Job* 37. *Ver.* 6. 7.

And the Proverb's invalid, as plainly You ſhow,
(Tho' in impudence ſtill You're the bolder)
That the longer They Live, ſtill the wiſer They grow,
For Apollo *grows Older and Older.*

A. When *Blockheads* Rail on, without one Pretence
At *what*, nor obſerve any *Rules*,
All that can be Gueſt by their *delicate ſenſe*
Is, that they're but *Ill-natur'd Fools*,

Did ever yet *Nizey* in any *Diſpute*,
'Gainſt *Notions in Numbers* laid down;
E'er Hope his poor ſtock of Dull Brains wou'd *Con-*
(fute,
When He never durſt Touch upon *one*.

The *Wiſe*, the *Well-bred*, and the *Learn'd* (not a
(few)
Approach with their *Praiſes*, our Shrine;
We want but ſuch *Clouds* to oppoſe Us, as *You*,
To make us the *Brighter to Shine*.

But You have been *Bit* by a former Reply,
On which, with theſe *ſharp Lines* You've *Tilted*;
The *Glorious Revenge*, to which always fly
Billy Whores, and their *Bullies*, when *Filted*.

Peace, than any he may at this time expect: That ſome Advices from Mons ſay, that Monſieur de Chamillard is turn'd out of his Place, and that he is ſucceeded therein by Monſieur de Bagnols, who has been Intendant in Flanders ſeveral Years, which is not in the Leaſt Credited, ſince the Letters from Paris make no mention of that great Change in the Miniſtry.

From London Feb. 2d. 'tis adviſ'd that, on Monday being the Anniverſary of the Martyrdom of King Charles I. The Honourable Mr. Bridges preach'd before Her Majeſty, the Biſhop of Exeter before the Lords; and Dr. Pelling Miniſter of St. Ann's before the Houſe of Commons in St. Margaret's Church Weſtminſter. Which is all from Yours, &c.

All Perſons are deſir'd to Direct their Letters (Superſcrib'd for the *Britiſh Apollo*) to Mr. *Carter* at the *Green Dragon* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, Mr. *Bickerton* at the *Roſe and Crown* in *Little Britain* Bookſellers, or to the Printer hereof, whether with Queſtions, or with Directions to become Subſcribers, or for whole Sets from the Beginning, or for Books of Guards neatly bound to keep them in, at 2 *s.* a piece, with all which they ſhall be ſerv'd at their Houſes by our Meſſengers.

Note, That they, who have whole Sets, are to pay Eight Shillings and Six Pence for all to *St. Thomas's* Day except the Quarterly Book, of which Sets great part are gone, and we ſhall not Reprint them again, having twice reprinted them already.

Note alſo, Our Rates are 2 *s.* per Quarter without the *Monthly Paper*, and 2 *s.* 6 *d.* with, to have them brought home to their Houſes, and to pay at the end of the Quarter; they who come within the Quarter to pay only a Penny a piece at Quarter-day for ſo many as they have had, and 2 *d.* a piece for the Monthly. Such as live in the Country are deſired to appoint a Friend in Town to take them in for them.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SIR,

THE Letters from Bruſſels, Feb. 2d. adviſe, that the Duke of Marlborough continues ſtill there, and that the Deputies of the States General are daily expected; that his Grace has ordered the Garriſons of the Frontier places to be reinforced, and given ſeveral Orders for preventing the deſigns of the Enemy, who continue to threaten the Allies with a Siege in the beginning of the Spring. That the Mareſchal de Bouffllers had it ſeems, ſome great Enterprize in view during this hard Froſt, for the Letters from Paris mention, that he had writ to his Friends, that they ſhou'd ſuddenly hear from him, but if that be true he finds himſelf mightily mitaken, and that the Allies are ſo well ſecured, that there is no fear of any ſurprize: That there are ſome private Letters from Paris, which give an Account, that New Efforts have been made to perſwade the Duke of Savoy to hearken to a ſeparate Peace, which, they acknowledge, have been ineffectual; and that they talk of great Diviſions at Madrid, occaſion'd, as they ſuppoſe, on ſome Propoſals made on the part of the French Court, for diſmembring the Spaniſh Monarchy, which has been all along vigorouſly oppos'd by the Council of Madrid: That at the Elector of Bavaria's Court they ſtill talk of Peace, but inclin'd to believe, that the French King will run the Riſque of another Campaign in hopes to get ſome advantages in the Spring, whereby he may procure better Conditions of

TWO Diſcourſes, whereof the firſt is, an Exhortation to the ſtrict obſervance of *Aſh-wedneſday*. The Second, a Defence of thoſe, who keep Lent, and obſerve the other Faſts of the Church, in anſwer to a Divine, who aſk'd the Author why he kept Lent, recommended in a Preface by Dr. George Hickes. Printed for W. Carter, at the Green Dragon in St. Paul's Church-yard.

THE Whitiſh Powder, that makes the beſt black writing Ink, call'd Holman's London Ink Powder, is now in Great Uſe for all Perſons to make their writing Ink as black and as ſtrong as they pleaſe, each Six-penny Paper weighing 2 Ounces, makes a Pint or a Pint & half of the beſt, or a Quart for Shop-keepers's common writing or marking Ink, only by ſhaking or ſtirring it in ſo much Rain or River-water; and it mends all weak & pale Ink, or Ink ſpoiled by the Froſt, and Directions to each Paper of Powder to prevent Ink from freezing. 'Tis ſold by moſt Stationers, Bookſellers and Haberdaſhers, in and about London, and by Shopkeepers in the chief Cities and Towns in England, and is beſt for carriage by Sea or Land. Is Made and Sold by Charles Holman in Red-Lion-ſtreet in Southwark: He having a Patent granted Him under the Great Seal of England, for makeing the ſame. Where you may have his beſt Ink ready made, for all Valuable Writings.

Printed for the Authors, by *J. Mayo*, at the *Printing-Preſs*, againſt *Water-Lane* in *Fleet-ſtreet*. Where Advertiſements are Taken in.